

# LETTERS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M---y W---y M----e.

VOL. I.

A

Lady Mary (Pierrepont)  
Wentley Montagu

36-147  
X3-2



# LETTERS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M---y W----y M-----e:

Written, during her TRAVELS in  
EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA,

T O

Persons of Distinction, Men of Letters, &c.  
in different PARTS of EUROPE.

WHICH CONTAIN,

Among other CURIOUS Relations,  
ACCOUNTS of the POLICY and MANNERS  
of the TURKS;

Drawn from Sources that have been inaccessible to  
other Travellers.

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A NEW EDITION.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE  
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1769



P R E F A C E,

BY A

L A D Y.

Written in 1724.

**I** WAS going, like common editors, to advertise the reader of the beauties and excellencies of the work laid before him: To tell him that the illustrious author had opportunities, that other travellers, whatever their quality or curiosity may have been, cannot obtain; and a genius capable of making the best improvement of every opportunity.

But if the reader, after perusing *one* letter only, has not discernment to distinguish that natural elegance, that delicacy of sentiment and observation, that easy gracefulness, and lovely simplicity (which is the perfection of writing) and in which these *Letters* exceed all that has appeared in this kind, or almost in any other, let him lay the book down, and leave it to those who have.

The noble author had the goodness to lend me her MS. to satisfy my curiosity in some enquiries I had made concerning her travels; and when I had it in my hands, how was it possible to part with it? I once had the vanity to hope I might acquaint the public, that it owed this  
invaluable

# P R E F A C E.

vii

invaluable treasure to my importunities. But alas! the most ingenious author has condemned it to obscurity during her life; and conviction, as well as deference, obliges me to yield to her reasons. However, if these *Letters* appear hereafter when I am in my grave, let this attend them, in testimony to posterity, that among her cotemporaries, *one* woman, at least, was just to her merit.

There is not any thing so excellent, but some will carp at it, and the rather, because of its excellency. But to such hypercritics, I shall only say

\* \* \* \* \*

I confess, I am malicious enough to desire, that the world should see, to how much better purpose the LADIES travel than their LORDS; and that, whilst it is surfeited with *Male-Travels*, all in the same tone, and stuff with the same trifles; a lady has the skill to strike out a new path, and to embellish a worn-out subject, with variety of fresh and elegant entertainment. For besides the vivacity and spirit which enlivens every part, and that inimitable beauty which spreads through the whole; besides the purity of the style, for which it may be justly accounted the standard of the English tongue; the reader will find a more true and accurate account of the customs and manners of  
the



## P R E F A C E.

ix

the several nations, with whom this lady conversed, than he can in any other author. But as her ladyship's penetration discovers the inmost follies of the heart, so the candour of her temper passed over them with an air of pity rather than reproach; treating with the politeness of a court, and the gentleness of a lady, what the severity of her judgment could not but condemn.

In short, let her own sex, at least, do her justice, lay aside diabolical Envy, and its *Brother* Malice \*,

\* This fair and elegant prefacer has resolved, that *Malice* should be of the Masculine Gender: I believe it is both *Masculine* and *Feminine*, and I heartily wish it were *Neuter*.

with



with all their accursed company, fly whispering, cruel backbiting, spiteful detraction, and the rest of that hideous crew, which I hope are very falsely said to attend the *Tea-Table*, being more apt to think they frequent those public places where virtuous women never come. Let the men malign one another, if they think fit, and strive to pull down merit when they cannot equal it. Let us be better natured, than to give way to any unkind or disrespectful thought of so bright an ornament of our sex, merely because she has better sense; for I doubt not but our hearts will tell us, that this is the real and unpardonable offence, whatever may be pretended.

Let

# P R E F A C E.

xi

Let us be better Christians, than to look upon her with an evil eye, only because the Giver of all good gifts has intrusted and adorned her with the most excellent talents. Rather let us freely own the superiority of this sublime genius, as I do in the sincerity of my soul, pleased that a *woman* triumphs, and proud to follow in her train. Let us offer her the palm which is so justly her due; and if we pretend to any laurels, lay them willingly at her feet.

December 18,  
1724.

M. A.

Charm'd into love of what obscures my  
fame,  
If I had wit, I'd celebrate her name,  
And all the beauties of her mind proclaim. }  
Till

Till Malice, deafen'd with the mighty sound,  
It's ill-concerted calumnies confound;  
Let fall the mask, and with pale Envy meet,  
To ask, and find, their pardon at her feet.

You see, Madam, how I lay every  
thing at your feet. As the tautology  
shews the poverty of my genius, it  
likewise shews the extent of your  
empire over my imagination.

May 31, 1725.

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# ADVERTISEMENT

OF THE

EDITOR.

**T**HE editor of these Letters, who during his residence at Venice, was honoured with the esteem and friendship of their ingenious and elegant author, presents them to the publick, for the two following reasons.

*First*, Because it was the manifest intention of the late Lady M—y W—y M——e, that this SELECT COLLECTION of her Letters should be communicated to the public; an intention declared not only to the Editor, but to a few more chosen friends, to whom she

## ADVERTISEMENT.

she gave copies of these incomparable Letters.

The *second* and principal reason that has engaged the editor to let this collection see the light, is, that the publication of these letters will be an immortal monument to the memory of Lady M——y W——y; and will shew, as long as the English language endures, the sprightliness of her wit, the solidity of her judgment, the extent of her knowledge, the elegance of her taste, and the excellence of her *real* character.

The SELECT COLLECTION, here published, was faithfully transcribed from the original manuscript of her ladyship at Venice.

The Letters from *Ratisbon, Vienna, Dresden, Peterwaradin, Belgrade, Adrianople,*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*nople, Constantinople, Pera, Tunis, Genoa, Lyons and Paris*, are, certainly, the most curious and interesting part of this publication, and both in point of *matter and form*, are, to say no more of them, singularly worthy of the curiosity and attention of all *men of taste*, and even of all *women of fashion*. As to those female readers, who read for improvement, and think their beauty an insipid thing, if it is not seasoned by intellectual charms, they will find in these Letters what they seek for, and will behold in their author, an ornament and model to their sex.

# ADVERTISEMENT

THE COMPANIES, PUBLISHERS, AND  
THE MOST CENSURED AND INTERESTING PART OF  
THIS PUBLICATION, AND BOTH IN POINT OF  
INTEREST AND VALUE, TO SAY NO MORE OF  
THEIR HIGHER WORTHY OF THE CIRCULAR  
AND AFFECTION OF ALL MEN OF TASTE, AND  
EVEN OF ALL CLASSES OF JACOBINS, AS TO THOSE  
SCANDALOUS FEELERS, WHO READ FOR IMPROVE-  
MENT, AND THINK THEIR BEAUTY AN IMPROV-  
EMENT, IT IS NOT REASONED BY INTELLIGENT  
CRITICS, THEY WILL FIND IN THESE FACTS  
WHAT THEY DESERVE, AND WILL BEHOLD IN  
THEIR OWN MINDS, AN OBSCURE AND MODERATE  
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## LETTER I.

To the Countess of \_\_\_\_\_

*Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.*

**I** FLATTER myself (dear sister) that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a

man more frightened than the captain. For my part, I have been so lucky, neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; tho', I confess, I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to *Rotterdam*, but went in the long-boat to *Helvoetsluys*, where we had voitures to carry us to the *Briel*. I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at *Rotterdam*, presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers doors are placed seats of various coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that I assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognito*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street, with more applica-

tion than ours. do our bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprizing neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandize, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teized with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that chuse to be nasty and lazy.

The common servants and little shop-women, here, are more nicely clean, than most of our ladies, and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town. You see, hitherto, I make no complaints, dear sister, and, if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland, that you must expect a *disinterested* offer. I can write enough in the stile of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you, I am, your affectionate sister,

## LETTER II.

To Mrs. S. ———

*Hague, Aug. 5, O. S. 1716.*

**I** MAKE haste to tell you, dear Madam, that after all the dreadful fatigues you threatened me with, I am hitherto very well pleased with my journey. We take care to make such short stages every day, that I rather fancy myself upon parties of pleasure, than upon the road, and sure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals, full of boats, passing and repassing. Every twenty paces gives you the prospect of

some villa, and every four hours, that of a large town, so surprizingly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them. The place I am now at, is certainly one of the finest villages in the world. Here are several squares finely built, and (what I think a particular beauty) the whole set with thick large trees. The *Voor-bout* is, at the same time, the Hyde Park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches, There are shops for wafers, cool liquors, &c. I have been to see several of the most celebrated gardens, but I will not teize you with their descriptions. I dare swear you think my letter already long enough. But I must not conclude without begging your pardon, for not obeying your commands, in sending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word I can yet find



find none, that is not dearer than you may buy it in London. If you want any India goods, here are great variety of penny-worths, and I shall follow your orders with great pleasure and exactness, being,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.



## LETTER III.

To Mrs. S. C.

*Nimeguen*, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

**I** AM extremely sorry, my dear S. that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you. If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your *Nottingham* friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one  
has

has but to give the *Maese* the name of the *Trent*, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of *Nottingham*, are built one above another, and are intermixed, in the same manner, with trees and gardens. The Tower, they call *Julius Cæsar's*, has the same situation with *Nottingham Castle*; and I cannot help fancying I see from it, the *Trent-field*, *Adboulton*, places so well known to us. 'Tis true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war, bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly called the *Belvidera*, where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public

public walks have no great beauty, but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an English two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all. I was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad-brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of, *what d'ye call him*, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff, as t'other talked to the puppets. However the congregation seemed

seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed by some of his flock, that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know, speaking disrespectfully of the Calvinists, is the same thing as speaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me, and be assured, I can never forget you, &c. &c.

## LETTER IV.

To the Lady ———

*Cologn*, Aug. 16, O. S. 1716.

**I**F my lady ——— could have any notions of the fatigues that I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard, that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but it was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologn; our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room, not at all better than a hovel;  
for

for though I have my bed with me, I had no mind to undress, where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at day-break, and about six this morning came safe here, where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing. This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The Jesuits' church, which is the neatest, was shewed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young Jesuit: who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me. Having never before seen any thing of that nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence



cence of the altars, the rich images of the saints (all massy silver) and the *enchasures* of the relicks, though I could not help murmuring in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed on the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet *St. Ursula's* pearl necklace; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished the wench herself converted into dressing plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver, a great *St. Christopher*, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern. These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relicks here  
of



of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common stile of travellers so far, as to give you a list of them, being persuaded, that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.—Adieu, I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

## LETTER V.

To the Countess of B——

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1716.

**A**FTER five days travelling post, I could not fit down to write on any other occasion than to tell my dear Lady, that I have not forgot her obliging command of sending her some account of my travels. I have already passed a large part of Germany, have seen all that is remarkable in Cologne, Frankfort, Wurtzburg, and this place. 'Tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns, and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The streets are  
well

well built and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops are loaded with merchandize, and the commonalty are clean and chearful. In the other you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one, under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted, and ribboned out in her head-dress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes, a ragged under-petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.— They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger, than

our fashions. I need not be ashamed to own, that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially, the merit of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and the sighs it occasions (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer) one is forced to confess, that there is need of an uncommon understanding, to resist the temptation of pleasing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly, which betrays them to that want of money, which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, being led by a vain expence into debts  
that

that they could clear no other way, but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the multitude pays to habits, was fixed by law, only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth. These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relicks, with which I have been entertained in all Romish churches.

The *Lutherans* are not quite free from these follies. I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the Cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, which, they told me, very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman catholic church which is permitted here, where the professors of

that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich a manner as their neighbours: For not to be quite destitute of all finery, they have dressed up an image of our Saviour over the altar, in a fair full bottomed wig, very well powdered. I imagine I see your ladyship stare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity: but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller, and my whole account is written with the same plain sincerity of heart, with which I assure you that I am, dear Madam, your, &c. &c.



## LETTER VI.

To Mrs. P——

*Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O. S. 1716.*

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours, but the day before I left London. I give you a thousand thanks for your good wishes, and have such an opinion of their efficacy, that, I am persuaded, I owe, in part, to them the good luck of having proceeded so far on my long journey without any ill accident. For I don't reckon it any, to have been stopped, a few days, in this town by a cold, since it has not only given me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it, but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly

*Madame* —, the wife of our King's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one of the finest here. You know that all the nobility of this place are Envoys from different States. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way, than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternize, by leaving them to their successors; and an Envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels, among the perquisites of his employment. You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side,

in

in cherishing and improving those important *piques*, which divide the town almost into as many parties, as there are families. They chuse rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them, the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though if I was to stay amongst them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, that they will not be civil to those that visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes, turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to, and

what is very hard, will give it to no body. For my part I could not forbear advising them (for the public good) to give the title of Excellency to every body, which would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace, was received with as much indignation, as Mrs. *Blackaire* did the motion of a reference. And indeed, I began to think myself ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill figure, and that 'tis *publickly* whispered as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to every body, as if I thought no body good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour, if I did not intend

tend to pursue my journey in a few days. I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relicks, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, an opportunity of making an observation, which I doubt not, might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they shew round their relicks and images, are most of them false; though they tell you that many of the *Crosses* and *Mado-nas* set round with these stones, have been the gifts of Emperors and other great Princes. I don't doubt indeed but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses, and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass amongst these relicks. They shewed me a prodigious claw set in gold, which  
they

they called the claw of a Griffin; and I could not forbear asking the Reverend Priest that shewed it, whether the Griffin was a Saint? The question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered, they only kept it as a curiosity. I was very much scandalized at a large silver image of the *Trinity*, where the *Father* is represented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the *Son*, fixed on the Cross, and the *Holy Ghost*, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him. Madam — is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you very abruptly, that I am ever your, &c. &c.



## LETTER VII.

To the Countess of ———

*Vienna*, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I AM now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna, and I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels, that they, very properly, call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniencies of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. they are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects, and  
within

within the space of a few hours you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city, adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial Court, when Vienna was besieged. This town, which has the honour of being the Emperor's residence, did not at all answer my expectation, nor ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They  
are

are all built of fine white stone, and are excessive high. For as the town is too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories. You may easily imagine that, the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark, and what is an inconveniency much more intolerable in my opinion, there is no house has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided, but by a partition, from that of a taylor or shoe-maker, and I know no body that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own let  
 out

out the rest of them, to whoever will take them, and thus the great stairs (which are all of stone) are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisngly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. All this is made gay by pictures and vast jars of japan china, and large lustres of  
 rock

rock crystal. I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality, and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answer to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed; the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines, is what appears the most surprizing. The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests along with the napkins, and I have counted several times, to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds. I was yesterday at Count *Schoonbourn*, the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own, I never saw a  
place

place so perfectly delightful as the *Fauxbourg* of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the Emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best built cities in Europe. Count Schoonbourn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, and throughout the whole house a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good humour



humour of the Count. I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the Empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

## LETTER VIII.

To Mr. P——

*Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S.*

**P**ERHAPS you'll laugh at me, for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half so well disposed to take you in earnest, as I am at present, and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much encreased my faith in it. I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex) whatever face I set on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles.

miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; I have, indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the *Favorita*, and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can easily believe, what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the Emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of

this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the Opera is the Enchantment of *Alcina*, which gives opportunities for great variety of machines and changes of the scenes, which are performed with a surprizing swiftness. The theatre is so large that 'tis hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations; but the ladies all sitting in the open air, exposes them to great inconveniences; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broke off, and the company crouded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death.—But if their  
operas

operas are thus delightful, their comedies are, in as high a degree, ridiculous. They have but one play-house, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of *Amphitruon*. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it, and besides I took with me a lady that had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is to take a box which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark; but I confess the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It begun with *Jupiter's* falling in

love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of *Hercules*. But what was most pleasant was the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis, for you no sooner saw him under the figure of *Amphitrion*, but instead of flying to *Alcmena*, with the raptures Mr. *Dryden* puts into his mouth, he sends for *Amphitrion's* taylor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor *Amphitrion's* being tormented by these people for their debts. *Mercury* uses *Sofia* in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with, not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the



two Sofia's very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece. I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier. I won't trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent, as curtsies at leaving the room when the visit had been too long already.

## LETTER IX.

To the Countess of —

*Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S.*

**T**HOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to Court. In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a Gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging, a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason, than 'tis possible for you to imagine. They build  
certain

certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *Bourlé*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright,

right, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness, with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking. Even the lovely Empress herself is obliged to comply, in some degree, with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the Empress; I cannot however tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look full of sweetness; her complexion the finest I  
ever

ever saw; her nose and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms, that touch the soul. When she smiles, 'tis with a beauty and sweetness, that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person!—one must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of *Juno*, the air of *Venus*, come not up to the truth. The *Graces* move with her; the famous statue of *Medicis* was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently, for every body, that waits on her, pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave,

When

When the ladies were come in, she sat down to *Quinze*. I could not play at a game I had never seen before, and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment, when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand master, who comes in to advertise the Empress of the approach of the Emperor. His Imperial Majesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner, but he never speaks to any of the other ladies, and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has something very formal in it. The Empress Amelia, dowager of the late Emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning Empress,

followed



followed by the two arch-duchesses her daughters, who are very agreeable young princeesses. Their Imperial Majesties rose and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an armed chair next the Empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their court. The arch-duchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served and all the dishes set on by the Empresses maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary, but their chamber at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister maid, whom the Empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three  
first

first of them are called *Ladies of the Key*, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant, is the custom, which obliges them as long as they live, after they have left the Empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her Majesty is served by no married women but the *Grande Maitresse*, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is at the same time *groom of the stole* and mother of the maids. The dressers are not, at all, in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as downright chamber-maids. I had an audience next day of the Empress mother, a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself too much on a violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance,

nance, without having ever done any thing to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours ; but she herself never quits her mourning ; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen ; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears and side of the face are covered with a plaited piece of the same stuff, and the face that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape fore-head cloth, and in this solemn weed, go to all the public places of diversion without scruple. The next day I was to wait on the Empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly  
new

new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The Empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in the garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young arch-duchesses, all dressed in their hair, full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands, and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of a CUPID, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, "*'Tis easy to be valiant here.*" The second a FORTUNE holding a garland in her hand, the motto, "*For her whom fortune favours.*" The third was a SWORD with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, "*Here is no shame to the vanquished.*"—Near the Empress was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and  
made

made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tip-pets, ribbons, laces, &c. for the small prizes. The Empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring set round with diamonds in a gold snuff-box. There was for the second, a little Cupid set with brilliants, and besides these a set of fine china for the tea-table, enchased in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators; but the ladies only had permission to shoot, and the arch-duchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize shooting in the *Æneid*, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the Emperor, and

there is rarely a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun. My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe by this time you are ready to think I shall never conclude at all.



## LETTER X.

To the Lady R——.

*Vienna, Sept. 20, 1716, O. S.*

I AM extremely rejoiced, but not at all surprized, at the long, delightful letter, you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return, and I expect from you that you should love me, and think of me, when you don't see me. I have compassion for the mortifications, that you tell me befall our little, old friend, and I pity her much more, since I know, that they are, only, owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she

were here, she would have no other fault but that of being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to transplant herself hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders, nay even grey hairs, are no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself, a young fellow of five and twenty, ogling my Lady S-ff--k with passion, or pressing to hand the Countess of O—d from an Opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I don't perceive any body surprized at them but myself. A woman till five and thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I don't know what your ladyship may think of this matter,

matter, but 'tis a considerable comfort to me to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women, and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear no where else. I cannot help lamenting on this occasion, the pitiful case of too many English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratafia, whom if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would still shine in the first rank of beauties. Besides, that perplexing word *reputation*, has quite another meaning here than what you give it at London, and getting a lover, is so far from losing, that it is properly getting reputation; ladies being much more respected in regard to the rank of their lovers, than that of their husbands.

But what you'll think very odd, the two sects that divide our whole nation of petticoats are utterly unknown in this place. Here are neither *Coquettes* nor *Prudes*. No woman dares appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time. And I have not seen any such prudes, as to pretend fidelity to their husbands, who are certainly the best natured set of people in the world, and look upon their wives' gallants as favourably, as men do upon their deputies, that take the troublesome part of their business off their hands. They have not however the less to do on that account; for they are generally deputies in another place themselves; in one word, 'tis the established custom for every lady to have two husbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs

performs the duties. And the engagements are so well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman of quality to dinner, without, at the same time, inviting her two attendants of lover and husband, between whom she sits in state with great gravity. The *sub-marriages* generally last twenty years together, and the lady often commands the poor lover's estate, even to the utter ruin of his family. These connections, indeed, are as seldom begun by any real passion, as other matches; for a man makes but an ill figure that is not in some commerce of this nature, and a woman looks out for a lover as soon as she is married, as part of her equipage, without which she could not be genteel, and the first article of the treaty is establishing the pension, which remains to the lady, in case

the gallant should prove inconstant. This chargeable point of honour, I look upon as the real foundation of so many wonderful instances of constancy. I really know several women of the first quality, whose pensions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet nobody esteems them the less; on the contrary, their discretion would be called in question if they should be suspected to be mistresses for nothing. A great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most; and having no intrigue at all is so far a disgrace, that I'll assure you, a lady who is very much my friend here, told me but yesterday, how much I was obliged to her for justifying my conduct in a conversation relating to me, where it was publicly asserted, that I could not possibly have common sense, since I had been in town

above



above a fortnight, and had made no steps towards commencing an amour. My friend pleaded for me that my stay was uncertain, and she believed that was the cause of my seeming stupidity, and this was all she could find to say in my justification. But one of the pleasantest adventures I ever met in my life, was last night, and it will give you a just idea, in what a delicate manner the *Belles passions* are managed in this country. I was at the assembly of the Countess of ———, and the young Count of ——— leading me down stairs, asked me how long I was to stay at Vienna; I made answer that my stay depended on the Emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. Well, Madam, (said he) whether your time here is to be longer or shorter, I think you ought to pass it agreeably, and to that end you must

must engage in a *little affair of the heart*.—My heart (answered I gravely enough) does not engage very easily, and I have no design of parting with it. I see, Madam, (said he sighing) by the ill nature of that answer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, however, I am still devoted to your service, and since I am not worthy of entertaining you myself, do me the honour of letting me know, whom you like best amongst us, and I'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your satisfaction. You may judge in what manner I should have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation, and I thanked him with a very grave curtsy, for his zeal to serve  
me,

me, and only assured him, I had no occasion to make use of it. Thus you see, my dear, that gallantry and good breeding are as different, in different climates, as morality and religion. Who have the rightest notions of both, we shall never know till the Day of Judgment, for which great day of *Eclaircissement*, I own there is very little impatience in your, &c. &c.

## LETTER XI.

To Mrs. J\*\*\*.

*Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S. 1716.*

**I** WAS never more agreeably surprized than by your obliging letter. 'Tis a peculiar mark of my esteem that I tell you so, and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should be very sorry to see it so diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing, makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correspondent, and I believe I disobliged no less than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than

than be forced to write many stupid ones. Yet in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with the proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dullness of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprizing temper, and they are never lively, but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they shew all their passions, and 'tis not long since two coaches meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot rather than yield, in a point  
of

of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the Emperor had not sent his guards to part them, and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out, of taking them both out in chairs, exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty, that the pass was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die, but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much less touched with this point of honour, and they don't only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their



their own, and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the She's that can number amongst their ancestors, Counts of the Empire; they have neither occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct to get them husbands. 'Tis true as to money, 'tis seldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Austria confine the woman's portion to two thousand florins (about two hundred pounds English) and whatever they have beside, remains in their own possession and disposal. Thus here are many ladies much richer than their husbands, who are however obliged to allow them pin-money agreeable to their quality; and I attribute to this considerable branch of prerogative, the liberty that they take upon other occasions. I am sure you,  
 that

that know my laziness and extreme indifference on this subject, will pity me, intangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burden to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having by their own customs the pass before them all. They, indeed, so revenge upon the poor Envoys, this great respect shewed to Ambassadors, that (with all my indifference) I should be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which however employs the whole care of the people here. I need not  
after

after this, tell you how agreeably time  
slides away with me, you know as well  
as I do the taste of,

Yours, &c. &c.

## L E T T E R   XII.

To the Lady X——.

*Vienna, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.*

**Y**OU desire me, Madam, to send you some accounts of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands, but you must upon this occasion take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent

decent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the operas being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam *Rabutin* has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their Saint, they declare, that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the Count or Countess — *such a one*. These days are called days of *Gala*, and all the friends or relations of the lady, whose Saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best cloaths and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body,

nor returns any body's visit; and, whoever pleases, may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several parties of ombre, piquett, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbid.

I saw t'other day the *Gala* for Count *Altheim*, the Emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine cloaths ill fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs, and provided they can make their cloaths expensive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something



thing of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of *St. Lawrence*, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appears to me much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastinesses must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them, a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures, more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their shewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which, they assured me, spoke, during the siege of Vienna; and, as a

proof of it, bid me mark his mouth, which had been open ever since. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white callico, and their head-dress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving nuns, that wait on them as their chamber-maids. They receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers with permission of their Abbess, which is very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old woman so good-natured; she is near fourscore, and yet shews very little sign of decay, being still lively and chearful. She caressed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me some pretty things of her own work, and sweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not of the most rigid; it is  
not

not very hard to put a head through; and I don't doubt but a man, a little more slender than ordinary, might squeeze in his whole person. The young Count of *Salamis* came to the grate, while I was there, and the Abbess gave him her hand to kiss. But I was surpris'd to find here, the only beautiful young woman I have seen at Vienna, and not only beautiful but genteel, witty and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear shewing my surprize at seeing a nun like her. She made me a thousand obliging compliments, and desired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleasure to me (said she, sighing) but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself in my cell.

I observed tears come into her eyes; which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that strain of tender pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me that she is not perfectly happy. I have since endeavoured to learn the real cause of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was surprized at it, and nobody guessed the reason. I have been several times to see her; but it gives me too much melancholy to see so agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not surprized that nuns have so often inspired violent passions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another destiny, making an easy way for yet more tender sentiments. I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman Catholic religion, as since I see the  
 misery

misery it occasions; so many poor unhappy women! and then the gross superstition of the common people, who are some or other of them, day and night, offering bits of candle to the wooden figures, that are set up almost in every street. The processions I see very often are a pageantry, as offensive and apparently contradictory to common sense, as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the *womanly* spirit of contradiction that works in me, but there never, before, was such zeal against popery in the heart of,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

## LETTER XIII.

To Mr. ———.

*Vienna, Oct. 10, O. S. 1716.*

**I** DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not, that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, shewing you, that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say, you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive,



receive, when you hear from me; tho' I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you. I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villa's, particularly, the late Prince of Lichenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hands. 'Tis true, the Emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his *Treasure*, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled, on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, amongst which are  
many

many fine miniatures, but the most valuable pictures are a few of *Corregio*, those of *Titian* being at the *Favorita*.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They shewed me here a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire *emerald*, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the Emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing, that was a craw-fish with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of *Agates*, some of them extremely beautiful and of an uncommon size, and several vases of *Lapis Lazuli*. I was  
surprized

surprized to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the *Antiques*, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that *they were ancient enough, for to his knowledge they had been there these forty years*; but the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoke very wisely to the Emperor *Leopold*. I won't trouble you with a catalogue

catalogue of the rest of the lumber, but I must not forget to mention, a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought the most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions. I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you, to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it, on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of

Your, &c. &c.

## L E T T E R   X I V .

To the Countess of ———.

*Prague, Nov. 17, O. S. 1716.*

I HOPE my dear sister wants no new proofs of my sincere affection for her; but I am sure if you do, I could not give you a stronger than writing at this time, after three days, or more properly speaking, three nights and days, hard post travelling.---The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not sometimes find a place

place to set it up in; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian Kings, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its former splendour, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those people of quality who cannot easily bear the expence of Vienna, chuse to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions, (those of a court excepted) at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, especially, the best wild fowl I ever tasted.



tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original. 'Tis not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "*This is a Woman,*" for the information of travellers, as ever sign-post painter had to write, "*This is a Bear.*" I will not forget to write to you again from Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity, than to indulge my own repose.

I am, &c.

VOL. I.

G

## LETTER XV.

To the Countess of \_\_\_\_\_

*Leipzig, Nov. 21, O. S. 1716.*

**I** BELIEVE, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you, that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place. You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours post-travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach however fatigued.) We passed by moon-shine, the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say, that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced, that in case of a  
tumble,

tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is so narrow, that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was so good a wife not to wake Mr. W---y, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived by the bright light of the moon, our postilions nodding on horseback, while the horses were on a full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. W---y, and he was much more surprised than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me that he passed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since, that 'tis common

to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe, but thank God that was not our destiny, and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write. After passing these dreadful rocks, Dresden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable situation, in a fine large plain on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built; the Elector's palace is very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir ———, our King's Envoy, came to see me here, and Madam de L——, whom I knew in London, when her husband was Minister to the King of Poland there. She offered me all things in  
her

her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more, than the Chinese do those of London; they are very genteelly dressed after the English and French modes, and have, generally, pretty faces, but they are the most determined *Minaudieres* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty *pitty pat* step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them in favour of their civility and good nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The Countess of *Cozelle* is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some

leagues from hence, and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her; because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a packet.---She was mistress to the King of Poland (Elector of Saxony) with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his Majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw the consequences of such remarkable proofs of *strength* and *liberality*. I know not which charmed her most, but she consented to leave her husband and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly, in such a manner,

as



as by their laws permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but 'tis certain the King had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage; which, though it could signify nothing during the life of the Queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented, without telling it to all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a Queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when the excess of passion was cooled by long possession, his Majesty begun to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored to him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger than give it up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country, she

has refused the offer of the continuation of a large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed, and has, at last, provoked the King to confine her person to a castle, where she endures all the terrors of a strait imprisonment, and remains still inflexible either to threats or promises. Her violent passions have brought her indeed into fits, which it is supposed will soon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman, that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over scrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. W——'s business had permitted him a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the protestant Religion, but every thing seemed to me with quite another air of politeness, than I have found in other places. *Leipsic*, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for its trade, and I take this opportunity of buying page's liveries, gold stuffs for myself, &c. all things of that kind being at least double the price at Vienna, partly because of the excessive customs, and partly through want of genius and industry in the people, who make no one sort of thing there, so that the ladies are obliged to send even for their shoes, out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the resort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is also a fortified town, but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications,

tions, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more easy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I am sure you'll willingly forgive the omission; for if I made you the most exact description of all the ravelins and bastions I see in my travels, I dare swear you would ask me what is a ravelin? and what is a bastion?

Adieu, my dear Sister.

## LETTER XVI.

To the Countess of ———

Brunswick, Nov. 23, O. S. 1716.

I AM just come to Brunswick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle's dominions, a family (not to speak of its ancient honours) illustrious, by having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two Empresses to Germany. I have not forgot to drink your health here in *Mum*, which I think very well deserves its reputation of being the best in the world. This letter is the third I have writ to you during my journey, and I declare to you, that if you don't send me immediately a full and true account

count of all the changes and chances  
amongst our London acquaintance, I  
will not write you any description of  
Hanover, (where I hope to be to-night)  
though I know you have more curiosity  
to hear of that place than any other.



## LETTER XVII.

To the Countess of B——.

*Hanover, Nov. 25, O. S. 1716.*

**I** RECEIVED your ladyship's letter but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much sooner; but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I can assure you, the packet at Prague was behind my chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden, so that the secrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curiosity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leaves me hardly any time to dispose of.

I

I am

I am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young Prince \* has all the accomplishments that 'tis possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night before the King came in. His governor retired on purpose (as he told me afterwards) that I might make some judgment of his genius, by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness, that appeared in every thing he said, joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the Princess.

\* The Father of his present Majesty.

This

This town is neither large nor handsome ; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James. The King has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accommodated ; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much, 'tis very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to day with the Portuguese Ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the *Tour* of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between travelling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen, so common amongst us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole

whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, such as Nuremberg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The King's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His Majesty dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness makes it one of the most agreeable places in the world.

Dear Madam,

Your L. &c. &c.

## LETTER XVIII.

To the Lady R——.

*Hanover, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.*

I AM very glad, my dear Lady R---, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. 'Tis true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own, I could with great joy indulge the pleasing hopes of seeing you and the very few others that share my esteem; but

VOL. I.

H

while

while Mr. W— is determined to proceed in his design, I am determined to follow him.—I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to say, I am going to write very dully, as most people do, when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject, by telling you, that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have, literally, rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eyebrows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Those perfections never leave them, till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. *Salmon's* court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away, by too near approach-

ing



ing the fire, which they, for that reason, carefully avoid, though 'tis now such excessive cold weather, that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial. The snow is already very deep, and the people begin to slide about in their *Traineaus*. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and a gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse and the *Traineau*, are all as fine as they can be made, and when there are many of them together, 'tis a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind, that cost five or six hundred pounds

English. The Duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court; you know he is nearly related to our King, and uncle to the reigning Empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful Princess upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the Imperial Court for the loss of the Arch-duke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she begun to speak to me, with so much grief and tenderness of the death of that young Prince, I had much ado to with-hold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own, that I love that charming Princess (if I may use so familiar an expression) and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born, after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management,  
weaning

weaning him in the beginning of the  
winter. Adieu, dear Lady R—,   
continue to write to me, and believe  
none of your goodness is lost upon

Your, &c.

102  
[ 102 ]  
L E T T E R XIX.

To the Countess of Blankenburg

*Blankenburg, Oct. 17, O. S. 1716.*

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister,  
the very day I left Hanover. You  
may easily imagine I was then in too  
great a hurry to answer it; but you see  
I take the first opportunity of doing my-  
self that pleasure. I came here the 15th,  
very late at night, after a terrible jour-  
ney, in the worst roads and weather that  
ever poor traveller suffered. I have  
taken this little fatigue, merely to oblige  
the reigning Empress, and carry a mes-  
sage from her Imperial Majesty to the  
Duchess of Blankenburg, her mother,  
who is a Princess of great address and  
good breeding, and may be still called a  
fine

fine woman. It was so late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to disturb the Duke and Duchess with the news of my arrival; so I took up my quarters in a miserable inn; but as soon as I had sent my compliments to their Highnesses, they immediately sent me their own coach and six horses, which had however enough to do to draw us up the very high hill on which the castle is situated. The Duchess is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diversions. The Duke *taillys* at *Basset* every night, and the Duchess tells me, she is so well pleased with my company, that it makes her play less than she used to do. I should find it very difficult to steal time to write, if she was not now at church, where I cannot wait on her, not understanding the language enough to pay my

H 4                      devotions

devotions in it. You will not forgive me, if I do not say something of Hanover; I cannot tell you that the town is either large or magnificent. The opera-house, which was built by the late Elector, is much finer than that of Vienna. I was very sorry that the ill weather did not permit me to see *Hernhausen* in all its beauty; but in spite of the snow, I thought the gardens very fine. I was particularly surprised, at the vast number of orange trees, much larger than any I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder, that night at the King's table, to see a present from a gentleman of this country, of two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe  
*Ananasses,*



*Ananasses*, which, to my taste, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of *Brazil*, and I could not imagine how they came here but by enchantment. Upon enquiry, I learnt that they have brought their stoves to such perfection, they lengthen their summer as long as they please, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very near the same: I am surpris'd we do not practise in England, so useful an invention. This reflection leads me to consider our obstinacy in ~~shaking~~ with cold five months in the year, rather than make use of stoves, which are certainly one of the greatest conveniences of life. Besides, they are so far from spoiling the form of a room, that they add very much to the magnificence of it, when  
they

they are painted and gilt, as they are at Vienna, or at Dresden, where they are often in the shapes of china jars, statues or fine cabinets, so naturally represented, that they are not to be distinguished. If ever I return, in defiance to the fashion, you shall certainly see one in the chamber of,

Dear sister, Your, &c.

I will write often, since you desire it; but I must beg you to be a little more particular in yours; you fancy me at forty miles distance, and forget, that, after so long an absence, I can't understand hints.

## LETTER XX.

To the Lady ———

*Vienna, Jan. 1, O. S. 1717.*

**I** HAVE just received here at Vienna, your ladyship's compliments on my return to England, sent me from Hanover. You see, Madam, all things that are asserted with confidence, are not absolutely true; and that you have no sort of reason to complain of me for making my designed return a mystery to you, when you say all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never so well informed of my affairs as I am myself, that I am very positive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all sorts of diversions are

carried

carried to the greatest height, except that of masquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But that noise is so agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years. I would fain have taught them some new ones, but

I found

I found it would be some months labour to make them comprehend them. Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerable low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was surprised how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together. No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men dressed, like them, were such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What compleated the diversion was the excessive cold, which was so great I thought I should have died there. It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs; but, however, the air so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common.

mon as in England. I am persuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholesome than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all sorts of provisions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and 'tis not very expensive to keep a splendid table. 'Tis really a pleasure to pass through the markets, and see the abundance of what we should think rarities, of fowls and venison, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but shell-fish, and are so fond of oysters, that they have them sent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, stink or not stink. Thus I obey your commands, Madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be satisfied with it. You chide me for my laziness in not telling you a thousand agreeable and surprizing things,



things, that you say you are sure I have seen and heard. Upon my word, Madam, 'tis my regard to truth, and not laziness, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers use to divert their readers with. I might easily pick up wonders in every town I pass through, or tell you a long series of popish miracles, but I cannot fancy that there is any thing new in letting you know that priests will lie, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are so inquisitive about, how can it be entertaining to you (that don't know the people) that the Prince of — has forsaken the Countess of —? or that the Prince *such a one*, has an intrigue with Count *such a one*?  
Would

Would you have me write novels,  
like the Countess of D'—? and is  
it not better to tell you a plain  
truth,

That I am, &c.

## LETTER XXI.

To the Countess of ———.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever, designing, to-morrow, to begin my journey through Hungary in spite of the excessive cold, and deep snows, which is enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principle of *passive obedience*, carries me through every thing. I have had my audience of leave of the Empress. His Imperial Majesty was pleased to be present when I waited on the reigning Empress, and after a very obliging conversation, both their Imperial Majesties invited me to take Vienna

in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring over again, so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the Duchess of Blankenburg. I staid but a few days at that court, though her Highness pressed me very much to stay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her. I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: All the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The Emperor and Empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but they are all bedawbed with diamonds, and stand at her Majesty's elbow in all public places. The Duke of Wolfenbottle has one, and the Duchess of Blankenburg is not without hers,

hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the King of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the absolute Princes have, that 'tis below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them. I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat, and am really glad of the excuse to avoid seeing people, that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. 'Tis true the Austrians are not commonly the most polite people in the

world, nor the most agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable, agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion, that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life. Here are some Spaniards of both sexes that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation; and could I believe, that the whole kingdom were like them, I would wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me,

since



Since I have determined to undertake this journey. And, indeed, I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince *Eugene* has been so good as to say all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water, assuring me, that the houses in Hungary are such, as are no defence against the weather, and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between *Buda* and *Esseek*, without finding any house at all, through desert plains covered with snow; where the cold is so violent, many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and no body can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect, I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at *Vienna*, as I should be to talk of *Hercules* in the court of *Omphale*, if I had seen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men, (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level) but 'tis always a mortification to me, to observe that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.—Adieu, dear sister; this is the last account you will

will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say, with great truth, in the words of *Monefes*, *I have long learnt to hold myself as nothing*; but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my lady ——, that I believe she won't like; and upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peevish at all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination, that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders which I keep to myself out of meer malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily

believe she expects I should tell her of the *Anthropophagie*, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her.

P.S. I have written a letter to my lady —, that I believe she won't like; and upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright bewitch'd at all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination, that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders, which I keep to myself out of great modesty. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe

## LETTER XXII.

To Mr. Pope.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

**I** HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in the hurry of preparing for my journey; but, I think, I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity, as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. 'Tis true, we shall have a considerable *escorte*,  
so

so that, possibly, I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle. How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to providence; if comically, you shall hear of them!—Pray be so good as to tell Mr. ——— I have received his letter. Make him my *adieux*; if I live, I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady R——,



## LETTER XXIII.

To the Countess of ——. *to*

*Peterwaradin, Jan. 30, O. S. 1717.*

**A**T length, dear sister, I am safely arrived with all my family in good health at *Peterwaradin*; having suffered so little from the rigour of the season (against which we were well provided by furs) and found such tolerable accommodation every where, by the care of sending before, that I can hardly forbear laughing when I recollect all the frightful ideas that were given me of this journey. These, I see, were wholly owing to the tenderness of my Vienna friends, and their desire of keeping me with them for this winter. Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to you to give a short journal of

of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little passed, even by the Hungariáns themselves, who generally chuse to take the conveniency of going down the Danube. We have had the blessing of being favoured with finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the snow was so deep, we were obliged to have our own coaches fixed upon *Traineaus*, which move so swift and so easily, 'tis by far the most agreeable manner of travelling post. We came to *Raab* (the second day from Vienna) on the seventeenth instant, where Mr. W— sending word of our arrival to the governor, the best house in the town was provided for us, the garrison put under arms, a guard ordered at our door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor and all other officers immediately

mediately waited on Mr. W——, to know if there was any thing to be done for his service. The bishop of *Temeswar* came to visit us, with great civility, earnestly pressing us to dine with him next day, which we refusing, as being resolved to pursue our journey, he sent us several baskets of winter fruit, and a great variety of Hungarian wines, with a young hind just killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the ancient family of *Nadaſti*, so considerable, for many ages, in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, chearful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle.—*Raab* is a strong town, well garrisoned and fortified, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkish and German Empires. It has its name from the river *Rab*, on which

it

it is situated, just on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champain country. It was first taken by the Turks under the command of Bassa *Sinan*, in the reign of Sultan *Amurath* III. in the year fifteen hundred ninety four. The governor being supposed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded by the Emperor's command. The Counts of *Swartzenburg* and *Palfi* retook it by surprize 1598, since which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it by stratagem in 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all I saw remarkable in the town. Leaving *Comora* on the other side the river, we went the eighteenth to *Nosmubl*, a small village, where, however, we made shift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and *Buda*, thro' the

the finest plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the most part desert and uncultivated, laid waste by the long wars between the Turk and the Emperor; and the more cruel civil war, occasioned by the barbarous persecution of the Protestant religion, by the Emperor Leopold. That Prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but, putting his conscience into the hands of a jesuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian subjects, than ever the Turk has been to the Christians; breaking, without scruple, his coronation oath, and his faith solemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed nothing can be more melancholy than in travelling through Hungary, to reflect on the former flourishing

flourishing state of that kingdom, and to see such a noble spot of earth almost uninhabited. Such are also the present circumstances of *Buda* (where we arrived very early the twenty second) once the royal seat of the Hungarian kings, whose palace there, was reckoned one of the most beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly destroyed, no part of the town having been repaired since the last siege, but the fortifications and the castle, which is the present residence of the governor general *Ragule*, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to see us, and carried us in his coach to his house, where I was received by his lady, with all possible civility, and magnificently entertained. This city is situated upon a little hill on the south side of the Danube. The castle is much higher than the town, and from it the prospect is very noble.



noble. Without the walls lie a vast number of little houses or rather huts, that they call the *Rascian* town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor assured me it would furnish twelve thousand fighting men. These towns look very odd; their houses stand in rows many thousands of them so close together, that they appear, at a little distance, like old-fashioned thatched tents. They consist, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under ground; these are their summer and winter apartments. Buda was first taken by *Solyman* the Magnificent, in 1526, and lost the following year to *Ferdinand* the First, King of Bohemia. *Solyman* regained it by the treachery of the garrison, and voluntarily gave it into the hands of King *John* of Hungary, after whose death, his son being an in-

fant, *Ferdinand* laid siege to it, and the Queen mother was forced to call *Solyman* to her aid. He indeed raised the siege; but left a Turkish garrison in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which she was forced to submit to in 1541. It resisted afterwards the sieges laid to it, by the Marquis of Brandenburg, in the year 1542; Count Schwartzenburg, in 1598; General Rosworm, in 1602; and the Duke of Lorrain, commander of the Emperor's forces, in 1684, to whom it yielded, in 1686, after an obstinate defence, *Apti Bassa*, the governor, being killed, fighting in the breach, with a Roman bravery. The loss of this town was so important, and so much resented by the Turks, that it occasioned the deposing of their Emperor *Mahomet* the Fourth, the year following.

We did not proceed on our journey till the twenty-third, when we passed through *Adam* and *Todorwar*, both considerable towns, when in the hands of the Turks, but now quite ruined. The remains, however, of some Turkish towns, shew something of what they have been. This part of the country is very much over-grown with wood, and little frequented. 'Tis incredible what vast numbers of wild fowl we saw, which often live here to a good old age, and *undisturb'd by guns, in quiet sleep.* We came the five and twentieth to *Mohatch*, and were shew'd the field near it, where *Lewis*, the young King of Hungary, lost his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch trying to fly from *Balybeus*, general of *Solyman* the Magnificent. This battle opened the first passage for the Turks into the heart of

7187                      K 2                      Hungary.

Hungary.—I don't name to you the little villages, of which I can say nothing remarkable; but I'll assure you, I have always found a warm stove and great plenty, particularly of wild-boar, venison and all kinds of *Gibier*. The few people that inhabit Hungary, live easily enough; they have no money; but the woods and plains afford them provision in great abundance: they were ordered to give us all things necessary, even what horses we pleased to demand, *gratis*; but Mr. W—— would not oppress the poor country people, by making use of this order, and always paid them to the full worth of what we had. They were so surpris'd at this unexpected generosity, which they are very little us'd to, that they always press'd upon us, at parting, a dozen of fat pheasants, or something of that sort for a present. Their dress is

very

very *primitive*, being only a plain sheep's skin, and a cap and boots of the same stuff. You may easily imagine this lasts them many winters; and thus they have very little occasion for money. The twenty-sixth, we passed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage, and carriages. We met, on the other side, general *Veterani*, who invited us, with great civility, to pass the night at a little castle of his, a few miles off, assuring us we should have a very hard day's journey to reach *Essek*. This we found but too true, the woods being very dangerous, and scarce passable, from the vast quantity of wolves that hoard in them. We came, however, safe, though late, to *Essek*, where we stayed a day, to dispatch a courier with letters to the *Bassa* of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of seeing the town, which is not very large,

large, but fair built and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is situated on the *Drave*, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was esteemed one of the most extraordinary in the world, being eight thousand paces long, and all built of oak. It was burnt, and the city laid in ashes by Count *Lesly* 1685, but was again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who however abandoned it in 1687. General *Dunnwald* then took possession of it for the Emperor, in whose hands it has remained ever since, and is esteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary. The twenty-eighth we went to Bœcorwar, a very large Rascian town, all built after the manner I have described to you. We were met there by Colonel ~~—~~, who would not suffer us to go any where but



to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Rascian houses, cast into one, and made as neat and convenient as those places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handsomer than those of Austria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country. They are generally very fair and well shaped, and their dress, I think, is extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of scarlet velvet, lined and faced with fables, made exact to her shape, and the skirt falling to her feet. The sleeves are strait to their arms, and the stays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable, or

some other fine fur.—They gave us a handsome dinner, and I thought the conversation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany us part of our way.—The twenty-ninth, we arrived here, where we were met by the commanding officer at the head of all the officers of the garrison. We are lodged in the best apartment of the governor's house, and entertained in a very splendid manner, by the Emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjusted, concerning our reception on the Turkish frontiers. Mr. W——'s courier, which he sent from Effek, returned this morning, with the Bassa's answer in a purse of scarlet sattin, which the Interpreter here has translated. 'Tis to promise him to be honourably received. I desired him to appoint where he would be met, by the Turkish convoy.—He has dispatched

patched the courier back, naming Betsko, a village in the midway between Peterwaradin and Belgrade. We shall stay here till we receive his answer.——

Thus, dear sister, I have given you a very particular, and (I am afraid you'll think) a tedious account of this part of my travels. It was not an affectation of shewing my reading that has made me tell you some little scraps of the history of the towns I have passed through. I have always avoided any thing of that kind, when I spoke of places that I believe you knew the story of, as well as myself. But Hungary being a part of the world, which I believe quite new to you, I thought you might read with some pleasure an account of it, which I have been very solicitous to get from the best hands. However, if  
you

you don't like it, 'tis in your power to  
 forbear reading it. I am,

Dear sister.

I am promised to have this letter  
 carefully sent to Vienna.

L E T T E R XXIV.

To Mr. Pope.

*Belgrade, Feb. 12, O. S. 1717.*

I DID verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days, but the Bassa here was in such haste to see us, that he dispatched the courier back (which Mr. W—— had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us) without suffering him to pull off his boots. My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey, and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The Emperor has several regiments of  
these

these people; but, to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses; they rather look like vagabond gypsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops. I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church, but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian Bramins. They are heirs general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports signed and sealed for Heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house  
and



and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek church.—This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over the fields of *Carlowitz*, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with the skulls and carcases of unburied men, horses and camels. I could not look without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder, not only necessary, but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the *irrationality* of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. 'Tis true, custom has  
now

now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. *Hobbs*, that the *state of nature*, is a *state of war*; but thence I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; I won't however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an Aga of the Janizaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the Bassa had engaged to send exactly

the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise notwithstanding the *parole* given. We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified, on the east side, by the Danube; and on the south, by the river *Save*, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solymán the Magnificent; and since, by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very  
 nume-

numerous garrison of their bravest Janizaries, commanded by a Bassa *Serafskier* (*i. e.* General;) though this last expression is not very just; for to say truth, the *Serafskier* is commanded by the Janizaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion, than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which at the same time will give you an idea of the *admirable* intelligence of the Governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their Bassa about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pound sterling) to give permission

sion to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people, but when we came hither, we found the governor had been ill informed, and the real truth of the story to be this. The late Bassa fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason, but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads from that mildness, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming quick enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their Bassa before the Cadi and Mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the Infidels? Another, Why he squeezed them of their

Vol. I. L money?

money? The Bassa, easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scymitars, (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law) and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present Bassa has not dared to punish the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew how to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the govern-



government of an insolent soldiery.—  
 We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the Bassa detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may, possibly, be a month a coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of Janizaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host *Achmet-beg*, a title something like that of Count in Germany. His father was a great Bassa, and he has been educated in the most polite Eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call *Effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had

the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me several pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers, not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and, as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine. At first, he believed  
 I under-

I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him, concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, no body knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him.—— He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good roman hand. But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place; though the weather is colder than I believe it ever was, any where, but in Greenland.——We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside.——God knows

when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter; but I have written it, for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

## LETTER XXV.

To her Royal Highness the Princess of  
Wales\*.

*Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.*

**I** HAVE now, Madam, finished a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian, since the time of the Greek Emperors; and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your R. H. by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us; the Emperor's Ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr. W—

\* The late Queen Caroline.

was so zealous for the service of his Majesty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that passage. We crossed the desarts of Servia, almost quite over-grown with wood, though a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are industrious; but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the Janizaries, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day, to see their insolencies in the poor villages through which we passed.——After seven days travelling through thick woods, we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated in a fine plain on the river *Nissava*, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil, that the great plenty



plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured, that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarce perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for my compassion. The wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a most pitiful manner, without getting any thing but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your R. H. how much I was moved at this scene. I  
would

would have paid them the money, out of my own pocket, with all my heart ; but it would have been only giving so much to the Aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorse. After four days journey from this place over the mountains, we came to *Sophia*, situated in a large beautiful plain on the river *Isca*, and surrounded with distant mountains. 'Tis hardly possible to see a more agreeable landskip. The city itself is very large and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues.—Four days journey from hence we arrived at *Philippopolis*, after having passed the ridges between the mountains of *Haemus* and *Rhodope*, which are always covered with snow. This town is situated on a rising ground, near the river *Hebrus*, and is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks ;  
here

here are still some ancient Christian churches. They have a bishop; and several of the richest Greeks live here; but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniencies) being all their security against feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to Adrianople, is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills, and the perpetual spring they enjoy, makes every thing gay and flourishing. But this climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its frosts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a King, who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their father than their master.—  
 This theme would carry me very far,  
 and

and I am sensible I have already tired out your R. H's patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as short as you please, by throwing it into the fire, when weary of reading it. I am, Madam,

With the greatest respect.

## LETTER XXVI.

To the Lady ———

*Adrianople*, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I AM now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship, with some content of mind, hoping, at least, that you will find the charm of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary. I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but I must not omit what I saw remarkable at *Sophia*, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish Empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopp'd here one day, on purpose to see  
 them;

them; and designing to go *incognito*, I hired a Turkish coach. These voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical motto's. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permit the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In



In one of these covered waggons, I went to the *Bagnio* about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the *Portress* stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings, and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one, paved with marble, and all round it are two raised Sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same

same sort of marble Sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur, proceeding from the baths joining to it, 'twas impossible to stay there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprize or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles,

smiles, and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies, when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated over and over to me: “UZELLE, PEK UZELLE,” which is nothing but “*Charming, very charming.*” — The first Sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture amongst them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace, which Milton describes our General Mother with. There were many amongst them, as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn

VOL. I. M by

by the pencil of a Guido or Titian, and most of their skins shiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair, divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, *that if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed.* I perceived that the ladies of the most delicate skins and finest shapes, had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough to wish secretly, that Mr. Gervais could have been there invisible. I fancy it would have very much improved his art, to

see so many fine women naked in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employ'd in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies: In short, 'tis the woman's coffee-house, where all the news of the town is told, scandal invented, &c. — They generally take this diversion once a week, and stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold, by immediate coming out of the hot-bath into the cool room, which was very surprizing to me. The lady, that seem'd the most considerable among them, entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excus'd myself with some difficulty.

They being however all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and shew them my stays, which satisfied them very well; for, I saw, they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband.— I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr. W—— resolving to pursue his journey next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap of stones.

Adieu, Madam, I am sure I have  
 now entertained you with an account of  
 such



such a sight, as you never saw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of, as 'tis no less than death for a man to be found in one of these places.

## LETTER XXVII.

To the Abbot —.

*Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.*

**Y**OU see that I am very exact in keeping the promise you engaged me to make. I know not, however, whether your curiosity will be satisfied with the accounts I shall give you, tho' I can assure you, the desire I have to oblige you to the utmost of my power, has made me very diligent in my inquiries and observations. 'Tis certain we have but very imperfect accounts of the manners and religion of these people, This part of the world being seldom visited, but by merchants, who mind  
little

little but their own affairs ; or travellers, who make too short a stay to be able to report any thing exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converse familiarly with merchants, who can only pick up some confused informations, which are generally false, and can give no better account of the ways here, than a French Refugee, lodging in a Garret in Greek-street, could write of the court of England. The journey we have made from Belgrade hither, cannot possibly be passed by any out of a public character. The desert woods of Servia, are the common refuge of thieves, who rob, fifty in a company, so that we had need of all our guards to secure us ; and the villages are so poor, that only force could extort from them necessary provisions. Indeed the Janizaries had no mercy on their poverty,

killing all the poultry and sheep they  
 could find, without asking to whom  
 they belonged; while the wretched  
 owners durst not put in their claim for  
 fear of being beaten. Lambs just fallen,  
 geese and turkies big with egg, all mas-  
 sacred without distinction! I fancied I  
 heard the complaints of *Melibæus*, for  
 the hope of his flock. When the Bas-  
 sas travel, 'tis yet worse. Those op-  
 pressors are not content, with eating all  
 that is to be eaten belonging to the pea-  
 sants; after they have crammed themselves  
 and their numerous retinue, they have  
 the impudence to exact what they call  
*Teeth money*, a contribution for their use  
 of their teeth, worn with doing them the  
 honour of devouring their meat. This  
 is literally and exactly true, however  
 extravagant it may seem; and such is  
 the natural corruption of a military go-  
 vernment,

vernment, their religion not allowing of this barbarity, any more than ours does.

I had the advantage of lodging three weeks at Belgrade, with a principal Effendi, that is to say, a scholar. This set of men are equally capable of preferments in the law or the church; those two sciences being cast into one, and a lawyer and a priest being the same word in the Turkish language. They are the only men really considerable in the Empire, all the profitable employments and church revenues are in their hands. The Grand Signior, though general heir to his people, never presumes to touch their lands or money, which go, in an uninterrupted succession, to their children. 'Tis true, they lose this privilege, by accepting a place at court, or the title  
of

of Bassa; but there are few examples of such fools among them. You may easily judge of the power of these men, who have engrossed all the learning and almost all the wealth of the Empire. 'Tis they that are the real authors, tho' the soldiers are the actors of revolutions. They deposed the late Sultan *Mustapha*, and their power is so well known, that 'tis the Emperor's interest to flatter them.

This is a long digression. I was going to tell you, that an intimate, daily conversation with the Effendi *Achmet-beg*, gave me an opportunity of knowing their religion and morals in a more particular manner than perhaps any Christian ever did. I explained to him the difference between the religion of England and Rome; and he was pleased to hear



hear there were Christians, that did not  
 worship images, or adore the Virgin  
*Mary*. The ridicule of *Transubstantia-*  
*tion* appeared very strong to him.——  
 Upon comparing our creeds toge-  
 ther, I am convinced that if our  
 friend Dr. ——— had free liberty of  
 preaching here, it would be very easy to  
 persuade the generality to Christianity,  
 whose notions are very little different  
 from his. Mr. *Whiston* would make a  
 very good Apostle here. I don't doubt  
 but his zeal will be much fired, if you  
 communicate this account to him; but  
 tell him, he must first have the gift of  
 tongues, before he can possibly be of  
 any use.——Mahometism is divided into  
 as many sects as Christianity, and the  
 first institution as much neglected and  
 obscured by interpretations. I cannot  
 here forbear reflecting on the natural in-  
 clination

elination of mankind, to make myste-  
 ries and novelties.—The *Zeidi*, *Kudi*,  
*Jabari*, &c. put me in mind of the  
*Catholics*, *Lutherans*, and *Calvinists*,  
 and are equally zealous against one an-  
 other. But the most prevailing opinion,  
 if you search into the secret of the *Effen-*  
*di's*, is plain Deism. This is indeed  
 kept from the people, who are amused  
 with a thousand different notions, ac-  
 cording to the different interests of their  
 preachers.—There are very few amongst  
 them (*Achmet-beg* denied there were any)  
 so absurd, as to set up for wit, by de-  
 claring they believe no God at all. And  
*Sir Paul Rycant* is mistaken (as he com-  
 monly is) in calling the sect *Muterin*  
 (i. e. *the secret with us*) Atheists, they  
 being Deists, whose impiety consists in  
 making a jest of their prophet. *Achmet-*  
*beg* did not own to me, that he was of  
 this

this opinion, but made no scruple of deviating from some part of Mahomet's law, by drinking wine with the same freedom we did. When I asked him how he came to allow himself that liberty; he made answer, That all the creatures of God are good, and designed for the use of man; however, that the prohibition of wine was a very wise maxim, and meant for the common people, being the source of all disorders amongst them: but that the prophet never designed to confine those that knew how to use it with moderation; nevertheless, he said that scandal ought to be avoided, and that he never drank it in public. This is the general way of thinking amongst them, and very few forbear drinking wine, that are able to afford it. He assured me, that if I understood Arabic, I should be very well pleased

pleased with reading the Alcoran; which is so far from the nonsense we charge it with, that 'tis the purest morality, delivered in the very best language. I have since heard impartial Christians speak of it in the same manner; and I don't doubt but that all our translations are from copies got from the Greek priests, who would not fail to falsify it with the extremity of malice. No body of men ever were more ignorant, or more corrupt; yet they differ so little from the Romish church, that, I confess, nothing gives me a greater abhorrence of the cruelty of your clergy, than the barbarous persecution of them, whenever they have been their masters, for no other reason, than their not acknowledging the Pope. The dissenting in that one article, has got them the titles of Heretics, and Schismatics; and  
what

what is worse, the same treatment. I found at Philippopolis, a sect of Christians that call themselves *Paulines*. They shew an old church where, they say, St. *Paul* preached, and he is their favourite Saint, after the same manner that St. *Peter* is at Rome; neither do they forget to give him the preference over the rest of the Apostles.

But of all the religions I have seen, that of the *Arnounts* seems to me the most particular; they are natives of *Arnountlich*, the ancient *Macedonia*, and still retain the courage and hardiness, tho' they have lost the name of *Macedonians*, being the best militia in the Turkish Empire, and the only check upon the Janizaries. They are foot soldiers; we had a guard of them, relieved in every considerable town we passed; they are  
all

all clothed and armed at their own expence, dressed in clean white coarse cloth, carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with on their shoulders, as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader singing a sort of a rude tune, not unpleasant, and the rest making up the chorus. These people living between Christians and Mahometans, and not being skilled in controversy, declare, that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is best; but to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both. They go to the mosques on Fridays, and to the church on Sunday, saying for their excuse, that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true prophet; but which that is, they are not able to determine in this world. I believe there is no other race  
of



of mankind, who have so modest an opinion of their own capacity.

These are the remarks I have made, on the diversity of religions I have seen. I don't ask your pardon for the liberty I have taken in speaking of the Roman. I know you equally condemn the quackery of all churches, as much as you revere the sacred truths, in which we both agree.

You will expect I should say something to you of the antiquities of this country, but there are few remains of antient Greece. We passed near the piece of an arch which is commonly called *Trajan's gate*, from a supposition that he made it to shut up the passage over the mountains, between Sophia and

Philippopolis. But I rather believe it the remains of some triumphal arch, (though I could not see any inscription;) for if that passage had been shut up, there are many others, that would serve for the march of an army; and notwithstanding the story of *Baldwin* Earl of Flanders being overthrown in these straits, after he won Constantinople, I don't fancy the Germans would find themselves stopped by them at this day. 'Tis true, the road is now made (with great industry) as commodious as possible, for the march of the Turkish army; there is not one ditch or puddle between this place and Belgrade, that has not a large strong bridge of planks built over it; but the precipices are not so terrible as I had heard them represented. At these mountains, we lay at the little village Kiskoi, wholly inhabited by

by Christians, as all the peasants of Bulgaria are. Their houses are nothing but little huts, raised of dirt baked in the sun, and they leave them and fly into the mountains, some months before the march of the Turkish army, who would else entirely ruin them, by driving away their whole flocks. This precaution secures them in a sort of plenty; for such vast tracts of land lying in common, they have the liberty of sowing what they please, and are generally very industrious husbandmen. I drank here several sorts of delicious wine. The women dress themselves in a great variety of coloured glass-beads, and are not ugly, but of tawney complexion. I have now told you all, that is worth telling you, and perhaps more, relating to my journey. When I am  
at

at Constantinople, I'll try to pick up  
some curiosities, and then you shall hear  
again from,

Yours, &c.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.